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In Memoriam.

John B. Standish,
and
Emma L. Standish.

1884.

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In Memory
OF
JOHN DANA STANDISH,
AND
EMMA L. STANDISH.

SERMONS

PREACHED IN THE LAFAYETTE AVE. BAPTIST CHURCH,

By The Rev. C. B. Henderson, D. D.,

ON

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1884.

AND

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1884.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

CHRISTIAN HERALD PRINT, DETROIT.

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DIED.

In Detroit, on Saturday morning, July 26, 1884, EMMA L. DARROW, beloved wife of JOHN D. STANDISH, aged 63 years. Funeral services at the residence, 26 East High Street, at 4 p. m. on Monday, July 28th.

In Detroit, suddenly, on Tuesday, December 2, 1884, JOHN D. STANDISH, aged 67 years. Funeral services at the residence, 26 East High Street, at 2:30 p. m. on Friday, December 5th.

“There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death.”

“Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die,”
said Jesus.

“So long His power hath kept me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

Memorial Sermon.

EMMA L. STANDISH,

BORN APRIL 17, 1821.

DIED JULY 26, 1884.

The funeral services of MRS. EMMA L. STANDISH were held at the family residence, 26 High street east, and at Elmwood cemetery. The pastor was assisted by Father S. Chase, and by Rev. G. Worthington, D. D., rector of St. John's Episcopal church. The latter read appropriate passages from Holy Scripture.

On the first Sunday in October, 1884, at the Lafayette Avenue Baptist church, the pastor, Rev. C. R. Henderson, D. D., preached a memorial discourse, in which the following references were made to MRS. STANDISH:

Let us think of truths in life. In such forms they are not so clear, large and symmetrical as in art, in fiction and in poetry: but they are real and touch us who know them with a magic which pictured virtues cannot command. Rules, precepts, and commands never control our conduct till we see them in action. Limited and flawed as are the natures of our dear ones, still they were and are God's angels to us, sent to minister peace and inspiration. No poem of genius, no image

of faultless form, no painting of master mind, can ever move us Godward as have those who, even with human infirmity and mistake often confessed, revealed to us the sublime fact that divine grace is teaching us honesty, justice, faith, hope and love.

It is said of a certain painting that its author, having left the scene of his sketch, failed in giving force and character to the completed work from lack of proper models. In finishing our characters we need to have ideals before us in living persons, or in the memories of those who represent to us all that is most holy. Our words of praise this day will not touch the dust nor rise to heaven. Their good lies in making more vivid and influential the excellence of the memory of the just.

And we must remember, too, that the finest qualities do not lie on the surface. The pebble on the beach which shines with most vivid contrasts of color may not have so fine a grain, so perfect internal structure, so wonderfully marked lines, as the rough-looking agate whose exterior gives so little promise of its interior beauty. Even so the most useful and worthy Christian does not disclose his most precious quality to the eye of indifference or of inattention. And the stranger will never in this world know what real goodness is hidden in those whom the intimate companions, with most perfect opportunities of scrutiny, esteem a saint and canonize in their hearts.

Peter Cooper, on one of his daily visits to the institute called by his name, stood and watched the portrait class of thirty or more pupils, who from different points of view were taking likenesses of the same model. One pupil had drawn a full face, another a profile, a third a three-quarters' view, and so on, each hand presenting a variation. Then said the philanthropist, "This sight should be a lesson in charity; we perceive how a person may be very different according to the way he is looked at by different people."

Upward many eyes look. The unseen becomes most real. Hearts that waver gain in purpose and courage of hope by trial. And our feeling of fellowship, our holy intentions to share each others' burdens, our sincerity of kindred sympathy grow mightier and masterful.

"Thus do we keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives;
And think that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach them, where they live."

Mrs. Emma L. Darrow, wife of Deacon J. D. Standish:

How much may the hand of love condense into a few words—words which need the eye of memory to interpret them, which mean so little to the thoughtless, so much to the reverent and the sympathetic.

Read such a story and interline smiles and tears, joys and sorrows, combats and victories, obstacles and achievements, and all continued during a long and useful life.

“EMMA L. DARROW, born at Lyme, Connecticut, April 17, 1821. Married to J. D. STANDISH, at Pontiac, Michigan, September 15, 1841. Baptized at Pontiac, by Rev. J. Piper, 1844. Removed to Romeo, 1850, and with her husband was a constituent member of the Romeo church. Removed to Detroit, 1858, and with her husband united with the First Baptist church. A year later, with about forty others, united in forming the Howard street, now the Lafayette avenue, Baptist church. Died, July 26, 1884.”

What better description of a noble woman, making all due allowance for difference in customs and fashions, can we have than that found in Proverbs, xxxi. 12-31. ?

“She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

“She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

“She is like the merchants’ ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

“She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

“She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

“She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

“She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

“She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

“She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

“She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

“She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

“Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

“She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

“Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

“She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

“She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

“Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

“Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

“Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

“Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.”

1. The wife is a builder of a home.

In the picture of the model wife we have just read you will notice the quality of EFFICIENCY. There is no mark of feebleness, false dependence, clinging as of ivy to oak. This wife is not one who is married merely to be supported. But within herself there is patience, power, activity well directed to make the home a place of physical comfort and of pleasing beauty.

What do we mean by a good woman? Is it not that she is good for something? Goodness is far more than kind feeling and amiable emotion. It is more than passive sweetness and gentle yielding to what may come. Goodness in its higher flights and forms is energetic, prudent, forceful. It has eyes to foresee consequences and hands to seize opportunities. We readily admit that a loving person may have little muscular or mental power, and we pityingly excuse such a friend from service. But we reserve, of necessity, our more admiring affection for one who, endowed with strength of body, mind and will, is busy lifelong in bringing things to pass which, though needed, would be, but for her, undone.

Schiller has thus drawn from life the image of a noble and useful mother:

“The maidens she trains,
And the boys she restrains;

Keeps plying forever
The hands that flag never:
And wealth helps to raise
With her orderly ways.”

Ancient sage and prophet and modern poet of highest rank unite to exalt the praises of the efficient woman in the home.

There was a day when it was no disgrace for a woman to be strong and thrifty and industrious. The living might be plain but the soul was strung for patient endeavor. With the increase in wealth those who most enjoy its advantages are most in danger of misusing them. There is a danger lest the daughters become aimless and idle because they have not the spur of necessity which made our honored mothers so strong and true and reliable. The form of work may change, but the time will never come when an indolent and selfish woman will be worthy of admiration.

Every young woman should resolve to crowd every day with some deed or work which will make the home more cheery, more inviting, more beautiful. And what is needful in earning, economizing, and arranging she will be moral enough to do.

2. After the toil for the nearest and dearest a strong nature will find time for the poor who are always with us, and to visit the sick. “She stretcheth out her hand to the poor.”
V. 20.

And I find in an account of a former division of labor in this beloved church the record that Sister STANDISH was fittingly chosen to visit the poor and the sick. And she did this work faithfully, systematically and with excellent results.

Her kindness was not in words alone; not at all in demonstrations and professions. She spoke her soul in acts of thoughtfulness and kindness. It was the life of devotion which revealed the depths of a tender and amiable nature. She revealed her true and noble self as the violet or the rose, by blossoming, by doing that beautiful thing which God willed in creating her. And the sum of all her beneficent activities, the comfort she administered, the joy she communicated, the hope she inspired,—these exhibited her inner life better than looks or words. And none but the recording angel, not even she herself, could give an account of the vast aggregate of good works done in her whole life.

An old writer has said:

“Laden boughs hang low. The nettle mounteth above its fellow weeds, but the violet lieth shrouded under its leaves, and is only found out by its own sweet scent.” And another says, “Virtue is always modest, and modesty is itself a virtue.”

Her services on the Board of the Home of the Friendless were sought by companions in benevolence, and were freely and wisely given so long as she had strength to give. Her election to that position was but one mark among many signs

of her hold upon the esteem of those whose kind regard is an abundant reward for great self-sacrifice.

3. Her piety expressed itself in accordance with the general method of her life, not in public words but in acts and habitual testimony. Her baptism was an act of conviction of duty. And from the hour of that public consecration she was true to the inner purpose which led her to it. Kindly has our Master placed it in the power, even of the voiceless and speechless, to proclaim the grand truths of redemption, and faith in the new life, and future hope, by an outward act which is a symbol of inner faiths.

Twice in her life she was a constituent member of a new founded church. She did not wait for favorable signs and did not accustom herself to lean on majorities. She was filled with that kind of faith which, when occasions rise, is ready for boldness and enterprise. She did not *wait* for success but *made* it, by her quiet resolve to stand by her convictions at cost.

And when this last grand enterprise was undertaken by our church she spoke her faith in its success in such a firm and unhesitating manner that it helped others of us to go forward. That word she spoke was part of the inspiration which carried us on till we could escape from shadows. And when the wished-for day comes when we can dedicate that house to the worship of God and the service of humanity, I trust that some tablet in it will connect her name with the future, and

link past and future, and long teach the young to reverence those to whom we are indebted for most that we enjoy.

She loved this church, believed in its teachings, hoped for its future, adhered to its principles, yet had that charity which every Christian church should teach for all who love the Lord Jesus. And hers, too, was a love which went out as pity for those who do not enjoy the riches of grace in our blessed Lord.

The light is dim in the western skies,
And dim the light in the aged eyes;
But the end of the chapter is so near,
And the truths of the chapter are so dear,
She must read to the close, till the light goes past,
And life has vanished from day at last.

And then with reverent hands she'll lay
The Book for a little while away,
And in the peace of her quiet room
Sit restfully through the twilight's gloom,
Busy with thoughts that come and go
Like flitting shadows, to and fro.

"Even to your old age." Ah, yes!
She has proved its truth and tenderness;
She has known her Lord through her many years,
She has trusted His love through hopes and fears,
She has felt His strength from her youth till now,
When the hairs are hoar above her brow.

He has borne her safely through floods of woe,
He has made her daily His care to know,

And her faithful heart in its humble trust
Feels all He does to be wise and just;
For "He will deliver," come grief and pain,
And after the clouds send light again.

The dear Lord readeth her life each day;
And now when cometh the twilight gray
He still will read with his tender eyes,
So long as there's light in the western skies,
To the end of the chapter; then His breast
Will give to the ransomed soul its rest.

And now a most serious question comes upon our minds.
What is to become of the life aims of these who died in faith?
They valued the gospel as the best means of uplifting mankind, as the revelation of divine love to themselves and of hope of future blessedness. They loved the church, toiled for it, gave money to it, as the institution which must propagate that gospel. Did they mistake? Were their convictions such stuff as dreams are made of? or did they in fact apprehend the truth that is highest, the way that is divinest? When the prophet Elijah was about to ascend to heaven Elisha followed him; and when the chariot of fire and the whirlwind separated them, the one that was left to life's conflicts for a space cried out: "My Father! My Father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" For Elijah had been to the people to whom he preached the truth, and for whom he prayed, like the warrior's chariot and his prancing, daring steeds in battle.

And thus we think, when such noble souls depart, the chariot is gone, the horsemen who defended us and led us to victory are removed. What shall we do? Yes! what shall *we* do? "It is not to be thought of" that we who are the children of pious parents will suffer their banner to trail in the dust, neglected, despised, dishonored, desecrated. We cannot for a moment, even though grief-smitten, give way to indolence. We need Christian work to comfort our hearts, to bring us to Christ, to prevent sorrow from crushing us; and this same work will bring us nearer to our dead. Every time we think of our ascended children and parents let us gird our selves for more strenuous effort.

 "Though passion may fly
 Yet love must remain:
 Though the floweret may die,
 Yet the fruit scents the plain.
 Man must gird for the race
 Through the stern paths of life;
 Midst turmoil and strife,
 Must plant and must form;
 Gain by cunning or storm;
 Must wager and dare,
 Would he reach fortune e'er."

We should be ashamed to meet our dead without sheaves for Christ's harvest. The talent must be presented to God with interest, if we expect the "well done."

There have been cases where good people, Samson-like,

wrought much by their deaths. Sons and daughters have, for the first time and suddenly, in the night when the dead lay in the house, confronted the responsibility of maturity. They may have slept frivolous children; they awaked men and women.

The thick-set sunflower plants grow pale and weak and flowerless. Some of the larger ones are transplanted and then the smaller ones come to something good and fruitful. So our great and good members are transplanted to a better world and their children fill their empty places. This is a lesson which grace teaches from nature. Let it not be lost upon us!

We are, in a certain sense, trustees of a sacred fund. Those who have died have, in the course of years, invested much toil, care, effort and material value in this church. We enjoy that good. It is for us to improve that investment and not merely conserve it, to hand it down not only unimpaired but enlarged to our posterity. The children and comrades of the fallen will see that this is done, and that the sacred wishes of those who gave them life are respected.

Memorial Sermon,

Preached December 7, 1884, at the Lafayette Avenue
Baptist Church.

JOHN DANA STANDISH,

BORN OCTOBER 1, 1817.

DIED DECEMBER 2, 1884.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lamps burning; and be ye yourselves like unto men looking for their Lord, when he shall return from the marriage feast; that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may straightway open unto him. *Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.*" Luke xii, 35 seq.

On Tuesday morning the sad and appalling news came to me that DEACON STANDISH had unexpectedly died. Soon afterwards I went to my study to select a text, to choose the portion following last Sunday's exposition. I was almost startled to find these words lying before me and forced upon me, "Be ye also ready: for in an hour when ye think not the Son of Man cometh." And I choose this text, not for the superstitious reason of the coincidence, but because this is an appropriate word to ponder at this time, "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching." Yes! they *are* blessed. He who is prepared for death, or for any other coming of Christ, is a happy man.

The advent of Christ has, practically, various meanings. He is seen coming in various revelations of himself from hour to hour. A revelation of God is a surprise and a trial of man.

Increased knowledge of divine will is a very severe test of manhood and character. It means larger responsibility, greater effort. Light is a talent lodged with a man, which it is death to hide. Possession of the gospel is not a plaything, but a solemn trust to be administered. And when God shows himself to a man the sight and word of revelation humble him, may even terrify him. When the Master places us in the position of watchers the office frightens us while we recognize the honor. For a revelation of God means a larger and heavier *duty*. It is a new tax on patience, courage, generosity, love, and all noble qualities.

The happy warrior is said to have this readiness to accept work which is honor and trial at the same moment:

“Or, if some unexpected call succeed,

Come when it will, is equal to the need.”

There are signs in providence and mysterious words in the Bible pointing to some great change in the orderly progress of the world. The teachings of the Bible have led the church to look forward to a peculiar coming of Christ in pomp and glory; as on the clouds of heaven, accompanied by angels, issuing judgment and conquering foes by the sword of his mouth.

We do not pretend to picture the outward form of this coming, nor to depict its manner, nor announce its time. We do not know by what accompaniments in the outward world it may be heralded and displayed. But that a time of His glory,

a time when to be an enemy of His kingdom, even on this earth, will be the most fearful calamity and disgrace, and to be a friend the highest blessing and honor,—that such a time is to come, who can doubt?

For us individually the Lord may show his coming by taking us away from this life, in a moment. That is possible in any case. It has occurred among us in the unlooked-for event which oppresses us this morning. Thus Christ comes to each one. His advent of providence means the closing up of this dispensation for that person who is called hence.

To a devoted Christian the coming of Christ at any time or in any of these ways, is a blessing. “Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.”

The Lord uses this word “blessed” only in the case of the rare and infrequent instances of the specially consecrated. To such he becomes a servant. He girds himself and serves them; for he came expecting to find all asleep and the house dark, but, behold! it is cheerful with lamps and his servants are ready to welcome him. So delighted is he with this mark of fidelity and watchfulness and perseverance that he deems it his own honor to serve them.

The humiliation of Christ is a part of his glory, not a disgrace, not a denial of divinity. The true honor of God himself is not his power or wisdom so much as his love to the dependent.

The coming of Christ in any of these ways is a blessing in that it is crown and confirmation of past faithfulness and of the reasonableness of the Christian life. In revealing himself to the soul more gloriously, in laying on heavier duties, in coming to judge the world, or in suddenly translating the spirit from the vale of earth to the heights of heaven, God justifies the faith of the Christian.

That which follows is reward of that which goes before. We believe, walk forward in faith, hope where we cannot see; and at last the crown shines over us. As we work and toil we may have misgivings and question seriously whether this labor will pay or not. Finally we shall learn that "your labor is not in vain in the Lord." "God is not unrighteous to forget the labor of love." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." For past services the soldier is promoted to higher positions and larger duties; being faithful there he is further advanced; and at the close of an honorable career he is crowned with the highest marks of approval by a grateful king or people.

And when a good man dies heaven is the proof, at least to him, that he has not labored in vain. One hour of heaven is balm for all battle-field wounds, solace for long sorrows, reward for many sacrifices and evidence that God is a liberal king. They who have girded themselves for his service here find that all divine powers are at their service yonder.

The life into which the believer enters at death is a con-

tinuation of the highest life here. The soul's life is a separate interest of man. It makes him independent of circumstances and places. All worlds are God's, and all belong to thought, reason, imagination, hope and the individual spirit.

I like those hopeful, almost daring, words of Mrs. Browning:

“My soul is not a pauper; I can live
At least my soul's life, without alms from men;
And if it must be in heaven instead of earth,
Let heaven look to it; I am not afraid.”

And when we think of the meeting yonder with dear ones, especially with that loved one and honored who so recently passed through the shadow before him, what more blessed, what more fitting and beautiful! “In death they were not divided.”

When Jacob left Peniel after the night of struggle to rise to mastery of God it is said, “the sun rose upon him.” And so with this good man who has left us. The city was waking from its slumbers. The solemn hush of night was over. The sun was beginning to disperse darkness, shadows and mists. And as it appeared the soul of this good man went upward in the morning glory, carried of angels, illumined by rays of a rising sun.

How CAN WE GET READY for the advent of Christ? How can we prepare to die? Shall we watch in idleness? Shall we be like that wicked servant who kept himself awake by beating a weaker servant? No! But we may be ready by

girding our loins, gathering our garments as for service, and having our lamps burning for study of the Lord's will. We cannot serve God in darkness. His word is a lamp for our feet. He who would do his Master's will must spend much time over his Bible. This is the responsible, authoritative, final record of what God wills. Where it speaks there is end of controversy, and its principles help to solve all questions of daily doubt. A duty taught in Plato is one thing; the same duty taught in the Bible becomes invested with a new meaning and weight of dignity. A word of Plato is a hint, suggestion for inquiry, advice of an erring mortal that must be tested by experience. But a word of Christ is filled with all the force of our dread of his wrath and with all our love of his person. "He taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

To the burning lamp we must add the girded loins and readiness to serve at a moment's notice. No loose liver, no ungirt spendthrift of divine forces, no careless waster, can be ready for Christ's coming. But he who controls himself, in passion, temper and will; who devotes his powers to him who is alone worthy of them; who springs gladly into the place of duty and holy tasks,—he it is who needs not fear to meet his Lord.

The transition is easy from these thoughts of the blessed volume to the career of the good man whose name we hold up for reverence in this, his church home.

The Biographical History of Michigan gives us these notes of MR. J. D. STANDISH:

He was born at Granville, Washington County, New York, October 1, 1817. His father, Samuel Standish, died at Granville in 1862, aged eighty years. He was postmaster for thirty years, and surrogate of Washington county for twelve years. The great-grandfather, another Samuel, was directly descended, in the fourth generation, in the line of the oldest son, from Captain Miles Standish. He was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1718, his family having been among the first emigrants to that State from the Plymouth colony. He died in 1821, at the advanced age of 103 years.

MR. JOHN D. STANDISH inherited the physical energy and conservative habits of his ancestors. After several years of primary instruction in the schools of his native village, he entered the academy of Dr. Salem Town, a classical institution of high reputation in its day.

At the age of nineteen he determined to seek a fortune and a home in the West; and, after a short residence in Buffalo, proceeded to the pioneer settlements of Michigan. He arrived at Detroit, then a city of eight or nine thousand people, in August, 1837. Here, through a trivial circumstance, he became acquainted with the late Hon. S. V. R. Trowbridge, whose aid and friendship he found of much value, and in whose excellent family he enjoyed many privileges. Aided

by the encouragement and patronage of Mr. Trowbridge and others, MR. STANDISH established, near Birmingham, a select school, which soon became popular, and was continued nearly three years. This experience MR. STANDISH always regarded as very valuable, and it afforded him many pleasant reminiscences. Many of the pupils of that school became men of influence; some prominent citizens of Detroit; one a professor in Yale College; one a missionary of the American Board at Constantinople; officials, merchants and farmers in various parts of the country.

In September, 1841, MR. STANDISH married, at Pontiac, MISS EMMA L. DARROW. Shortly after his marriage he engaged in mercantile business in Oakland, and later in Macomb County, with varied success. In the winter of 1856-7, nearly all his property was destroyed by fire. He then removed to Detroit, and became one of its most successful merchants; his operations included the trade and packing of pork, the purchase of grain and wool, and the manufacture of paint and lumber. His business amounted to nearly a million dollars annually. In the meantime, he became the owner of large tracts of pine land in Bay and Otsego Counties; and organized the Township and Village of Standish, in Bay County, where he built valuable mills, and made other improvements. He also built the first mill in Otsego County, and shipped the first lumber from that part of the State. In 1872 he transferred his provision trade to a son, and largely

curtailed his business operations. In 1875 he was chosen to manage a commercial agency in this city.

His convictions in regard to slavery led him to change his early political affiliations. And, although he was strongly attached to his party, he was never known as a bitter partisan.

In 1869 the popular vote for him as candidate for mayor was a mark of the esteem in which he was held by this community. For several years he has held the position of city assessor, for which his varied experience in different lines of trade gave him peculiar fitness. Being faithful in little things, as he went on in life, he was entrusted with larger responsibilities and honors.

These details of his secular and social life are indications of his character. They show the school in which God taught him; the books out of which he learned; the fiery trials which scorched him but did not consume him; the temptations which beset him but did not overcome; the alternating hopes and fears of earth which helped to lead him to rely on his God.

Of his family life, I cannot trust myself to speak. The theme is too sacred. We can venture only to say that that life was one of great affection and devotion; of mutual helpfulness in trial; of common conviction in religion and of unusual felicity in the rearing and training of the children. The divine blessing rested on that home. Of the wife and mother we have already spoken in this place. The children and grandchildren are our neighbors, companions and friends.

To the poor Mr. STANDISH was a friend. On the day of his death one of our members chanced to meet a poor woman before his door. When told that the good man was dead she wept and cried. She had lost a friend. When she came to pay her rent for last month he handed back a part of the money and told her to buy with that a Thanksgiving dinner. And I know of another instance during the summer in the same family, where he looked personally after the welfare of the children.

May the day come when more of our landlords will follow such examples, and study, as Octavia Hill has done, to make their very position as landlords a means of uplifting the masses of the poor, and inspiring them with aspirations of a higher life. I believe the time will come when the ownership of tenement houses will be regarded as one of the noblest avenues of charity; not in giving away of rentals, but in that personal relation of wise friend which raises the fallen and inspires them with self-respect and hope.

Of Mr. STANDISH as a member of the church, through which he expressed and developed his social, moral and religious nature, it is proper here and now to speak. Mr. STANDISH early became a Christian and a professor of his faith. The confession strengthened the inward life, and helped to form a manly, open, strong, religious life. The whole career has been passed in this association. He was a constituent member and deacon of the Romeo church. He was also a

constituent member and chosen deacon of the Lafayette Avenue church. His mind was too broad to be possessed with bigotry, and his soul was too honest to hide his personal convictions. In his religious life he was greatly encouraged and helped by his patient and godly wife. He never could have been what he was without her, and the debt he owed he gladly acknowledged. No doubt he aided her also in his own way. At the time of his death, Mr. STANDISH was deacon of this church, president of the Detroit Baptist Union, and vice-president of the Michigan Baptist State Convention. For many years his hand has been open to help good causes. In the Eighteenth street and Clinton avenue interests he was a wise and liberal friend, and by those churches is gratefully remembered. He was active and efficient in saving the Monroe Baptist church property. And we all acknowledge at this hour, with gratitude, his services in providing, ere death laid its paralyzing touch on lip and hand, for our new house of worship; and we know that, in addition to what he did, he had other thoughts of generous assistance as the work progressed. We remember that the meetings of the building committee were held at his hospitable home, and that it was there a company of men assumed the heavy responsibilities of their labor and chose their plans. Thus the new edifice will become for him, as for Deacon Van Husan, and for others, a memorial of faith and hope and love.

In summing up our knowledge of the traits of his char-

acter, both that character which made him one with all the good, and that which distinguished him from others, our minds turn to the picture of his ancestor, Captain Miles Standish of Plymouth, whose name appears in the pages of Bancroft, and whose nature shines in the story of Longfellow.

It almost seems as if we were helped by the law of heredity to understand the man of the present by reading of him who lived long ago.

“Still John Alden went on,—————

Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in
Flanders;

How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer
affliction;

How in return for his zeal they had made him captain
of Plymouth.

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,
England;

Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston
de Standish;

Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded;
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock
argent;

Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.

He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;

Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during
the winter

He had attended the sick with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and head-
strong;

Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty and placable always;
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of
stature;

For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, coura-
geous."

And it was of such manly Puritan stock, with such habits
of mingled sternness and gentleness that this man came, of
whose stock Longfellow also says:

"God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this
planting;
Then had sifted the wheat as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the peo-
ple."

And as they went forth to fight Indians in the forest and
conquer a home for our civilization:

"Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of
King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the
Bible;
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Phil-
istines."

And then, too, was cultivated the virtue of economy and
caution, the conservative instinct which saves from ruin the
privileges which are so costly in the winning. ⁶⁴

It was a

“Land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but
Gospel!

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the
Mayflower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this
ploughing!”

Such were the traits of the CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH of two hundred and fifty years ago. I leave you to judge whether those brave, religious and manly qualities have been lost in the representative of the present generation; whether, with gentle and more civilized accent, the same old war-words against wrong, savagery and ignorance, have not been faithfully uttered; whether the present generation does not even do better by building schools for the Indians than our forefathers did in slaying them; whether we have not kept the hate of sin while we have gained in love for the sinner; whether in passing from Old Testament wars of blood to New Testament wars with spiritual weapons, we have not moved in the way God Himself directs.

“It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy

With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
 Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
 May come the sound of my feet:
Therefore, I tell you: Watch
 By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
 As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
 I will come.
It may be *in the morning*;
 When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
 Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
 Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
 About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
 You rise up with the sun;
But remember that I may be the next
 To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
 For evermore;
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
 In your room,

And it may be in the morning
 I will come.”
So I am watching quietly
 Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
 I rise and say:
“Surely it is the shining of His face!”
And look unto the gates of His high place
 Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
 To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
 Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
 If He is come;
And the Angel answers sweetly
 In my home:
“Only a few more shadows,
 And He will come.”

OBITUARY NOTICES

AND

ACTION OF PUBLIC BODIES.

The Death of Mrs. Emma L. Standish.

From the Michigan Christian Herald, July 31, 1884.

If we but place ourselves by the river's fording we shall be made painfully conscious of the rapid succession in which the loved of earth follow each other to the farther shore. July 10th, the CHRISTIAN HERALD recorded the death of Mrs. Henry Glover of the First Baptist church—a christian woman whose praises, for her unostentatious, life-long well-doing, were ever on the lips of those who knew her. Unexpectedly soon, we are called upon to record the death of another of the good women of our Detroit Israel—Mrs. Emma L. Darrow, beloved wife of John D. Standish, deacon in the Lafayette avenue Baptist church—a sister whose praise, for similar reasons, was also co-extensive with her acquaintance.

Emma L. Darrow was born in Lyme, Conn., April 17, 1821; removed to Pontiac in 1835; married to John D. Standish, Sept. 15, 1841; was baptized by the late Rev. James Pyper, D. D., of Unadilla in 1843; removed to Romeo

in 1850 and with her husband was a constituent member of the Baptist church there. In 1858, the family moved to this city, where she became a member of the First Baptist church, in which relation she remained until the organization of the Lafayette avenue church, in which she and her husband were constituent members and in which she remained an esteemed and faithful worker until her translation to the Church Triumphant, Saturday morning, July 26. Her survivors are her husband, John D. Standish, and four children: James D. Standish of the firm of Hammond, Standish & Co., Fred D. Standish of the City Assessor's office, Mary, wife of William C. Colburn, Esq., and Eva, wife of Chas. K. Backus, Esq., all of whom with their families are residents of Detroit. It is indeed noteworthy, that, during a married life of forty-three years and the rearing of her family of four children, Mrs. Standish's should have been the first link broken, in the family chain, by death.

It was characteristic of the deceased to be ever seeking opportunities to do good, to minister joy, to lift the burden of sorrow and care from human hearts, in unassuming, artless ways, shunning always notoriety and studying to be seen only of those befriended. A natural timidity and coyness, from which she always suffered, were sometimes taken for indifference and coldness, than which nothing was farther from the fact.

The funeral at the family residence on Monday, was

largely attended and was conducted by her pastor, Rev. C. R. Henderson, D. D., assisted by Rev. Dr. Worthington, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, Rev. John Mathews, a former pastor, and Rev. Supply Chase, after which the remains were borne to their earthly rest in Elmwood. She rests from her labors but her works, in the noble family which she has left, and in the valuable influence of her long life in this city, and in other communities in which she has dwelt, do follow her.

From the Detroit Journal, July 26, 1884.

After a long illness, borne with unflinching courage, Mrs. John D. Standish, of this city, died at an early hour this morning at the residence of her husband, on High street east. Up to the last day she retained remarkable self-control and composure, and death finally came to her while quietly sleeping. She was a native of Lyme, Conn., but about 1835 came to Pontiac. She there met and married Mr. Standish. After living at Pontiac and at Romeo, they removed to this city about twenty-five years ago, and have since been residents of Detroit. She was a thoroughly domestic woman, but possessed of unusual strength of character. While in health she was active in the work of the Baptist church, of which she was a member, and for some years represented the Lafayette avenue

Society on the governing bodies of several of our local benevolent institutions. With the failure of her physical strength there was no lessening of her vigor of will, and she contended for many years with disease without complaint and without any surrender of resolution.

The Death of John D. Standish.

From the Detroit Free Press, December 3d, 1884.

John D. Standish died suddenly at his home in this city yesterday morning, at the age of 67 years. He returned last Saturday from a trip to New York and Washington in excellent health, and on Monday was actively engaged with his business matters. Early the next morning he was awakened by severe pains in the region of the chest, and Dr. C. A. Walsh was summoned at his request. His distress yielded at first to hot applications, and no alarm was felt, either by himself, his physician, or the members of his household, when without warning the heart became involved and he died instantly. The news of his death, which spread rapidly, occasioned general surprise and regret in the many business and social circles in which he was a well-known figure.

Mr. Standish was born at Granville, N. Y., on October 1, 1817. His great grandfather was a descendant of the fourth generation and in the direct line of eldest sons from the Puritan captain, Miles Standish. His grandfather was a revolutionary soldier and a man of prominence in Northern New

York. Mr. Standish himself inherited a vigorous constitution and an energetic temperament, and, after receiving a thorough academic education, came to Michigan in the nineteenth year of his age. He stopped first at Detroit, but soon, aided by the friendly offices of the Hon. S. V. R. Trowbridge, established a select school near Birmingham. This he conducted successfully for three years, and the list of his pupils includes not a few names since well-known in this State. In 1841 he married Miss Emma L. Darrow, of Lyme, Conn., and engaged in business at Pontiac and afterward at Romeo. In the winter of 1856-7 fire destroyed his property and left him almost penniless. He was then compelled to compromise with his creditors, but when prosperity came to him again every dollar of indebtedness was paid in full. After this disaster he removed to Detroit, was a clerk for a short time, and then engaged in the commission business. Succeeding in this, he embarked in a variety of commercial enterprises, dealing in pork and provisions, in wool, in paint and in lumber. He invested largely in pine lands, laid out and named the village of Standish in Bay County, and built and operated the first saw-mill in Otsego County. He also became the proprietor of considerable real estate in this city. In 1872 he commenced gradually to curtail his business, and ultimately withdrew from mercantile life. Four years ago he was appointed City Assessor by Mayor Thompson, and held that office at the time it was merged into the present Board of Assessors.

When the change was made he received the appointment for the long term, and was still a member of that body. Although not a politician, he was an active Republican, and in 1869 he received that party's nomination for the Mayoralty. Mr. Standish's varied business career, knowledge of real estate, active habits and integrity proved unusually useful in the Assessor's office. Upon the news of his death yesterday the flag upon the City Hall tower was placed at half-mast. He had been connected with many of the business institutions of Detroit, and was at the time of his death President of the Market Bank and a director of the Detroit Fire & Marine Insurance Company.

Mr. Standish was from his youth a member of the Baptist church, and was one of the constituent members and a deacon in both the Romeo church and the Lafayette avenue church, of this city. In the last society he was President of the Board of Deacons, and he was also President of the Baptist Social Union of Detroit. His loyalty to his church was free from sectarianism, and he was benevolent without, as well as within the channels of its action. Among the sincerest mourners over his sudden death are many who have been helped by his generosity.

Mr. Standish was a man of genial disposition, especially fond of the home circle, upright in business, of unusual industry, and active in public matters. Detroit has lost in his death a useful and deservedly honored citizen.

From the Michigan Christian Herald, December 4, 1884.

It was a great surprise and grief to scores of citizens in Detroit when last Tuesday morning, the sad intelligence was communicated to one and another that Deacon J. D. Standish had suddenly died. He returned last Saturday from a trip to New York and other eastern cities apparently in excellent health. He was at church on Sunday morning and again in the evening, assisting with an associate deacon in the administration of the ordinance of baptism. He remarked to his family and friends how free he was from an "ache or pain." On Monday he was at his office attending to his duties, as City Assessor, spending a delightful evening at home.

Tuesday morning at about half-past six, he stated that he had a severe pain in his chest and thought best to telephone for a physician. His daughter, Mrs. Backus, applied hot compresses and he was relieved before the family physician, Dr. Walsh, arrived. So much better did Mr. Standish feel that he was talking cheerfully of his visit East, when attacked with another spasm of pain in which he expired in the physician's arms before members of the family were aware of the danger. * * * * *

Converted when a young man, faithful to conviction and loyal to principles, he has from the first been a pillar in the church. He was one of the constituent members and a deacon in the Romeo Baptist church. In the Lafayette avenue church of this city he was a constituent member, a trustee and presi-

dent of the Board of Deacons, also president of the Baptist Social Union of the city. But he was more than a public spirited citizen or an active and successful business man; he was a genial true-hearted christian, a sympathetic friend. The writer well remembers, in a time of financial depression, Mr. Standish dropped into the office and casually remarked, "Should you need ready money at any time let me know."

He did not wait to be asked, but anticipated the wants of his brethren. Kind and generous to a fault his readiness to assist those in trouble was sometimes abused, but losses did not depress or sour a disposition remarkably cheerful and hopeful.

A grand company of Detroit's noble christian men and women are colonizing on the other side. Mr. Standish has joined that goodly throng, many of whose names have been chronicled in the HERALD during the last few months. They are not dead.

"An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved ones away,
And then we call them dead.
But, born into undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we'll welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain."

Public Action on the Death of Mr. Standish.

THE DETROIT BOARD OF ASSESSORS.

The members of the Board of Assessors and their clerks met on Tuesday, December 3, 1884, and gave expression to their regret at the sudden demise of John D. Standish by the adoption of the following memorial:

"The Assessment Department of the city of Detroit, having heard with sincere regret of the death of John D. Standish, who for the past four years has been connected with this department as City Assessor, or as member of the Board of Assessors, desire to place on record their sense of the personal loss sustained and their testimony to the worth of their late associate and chief.

"Mr. Standish's urbanity, cheerfulness and geniality won the friendship of all with whom he came in contact, and, added to his sterling integrity and large knowledge of business affairs, greatly strengthened him in his work in the department.

“Commanding before he entered upon his duties as City Assessor by his integrity and unblemished life the confidence of the community in a marked degree, his subsequent appointment to membership upon the Board of Assessors shows how thoroughly he retained the good opinion of those best qualified to pass upon his work.

“We shall miss his kindly smile and cordial greeting. To one and all of us he was a friend and counselor, and as an associate and friend we shall keenly feel the loss his death has occasioned.

“To the bereaved family we tender our heartfelt condolence in their deep affliction.

“*Resolved*—That a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of our lamented associate, and that it also be spread upon the records of the board.”

THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF DETROIT.

A meeting of the city officials of Detroit was held at the Mayor's office at noon of Thursday, December 4, 1884, to take action regarding the death of J. D. Standish. Mayor Grummond presided and announced its object. A committee consisting of John McBride, Gen. L. S. Trowbridge and J. B. Corliss was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions. Remarks eulogistic of Mr. Standish and alluding to his unswerving integrity, his high sense of honor, his painstaking care and unflagging industry, were made by Gen. Trowbridge, Councilman Rentz and Assessor McBride. The meeting then adjourned until 1:30 P. M. of the following day.

At the adjourned meeting nearly every department of the city government was represented. Mayor Grummond presided, and Controller Trowbridge, from the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following:

"There seldom happens a time to any man when death is not only an unwelcome, but an unexpected visitor. How strikingly is this true, when it strikes down one who, though in well-ripened years, yet in vigorous health and cheerful spirits is pursuing the peaceful walks of a quiet but highly honored and useful life. It is such a death that we are called upon to-day to mourn.

“John D. Standish, an honored citizen, for several years past prominently connected with one of the most important departments of the city government, rejoicing in excellent health, in the active discharge of the important duties of his office, has been suddenly called away. So slender and so easily broken is the thread by which hangs our life.

“It seems eminently fit and proper that we who have been to a greater or less degree associated with him in his public service should bear our testimony to his high character as a citizen and public official, therefore; ‘

Resolved, That in the death of John D. Standish this city has lost a most valued and highly esteemed public officer, whose ripe judgment and high character for integrity have commanded the confidence and respect of every one who has been brought in contact with him. In his death we deplore the loss to the community of one whose pure life, high christian character and genial spirit have set an example well worthy of imitation by all our young men.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our respectful sympathy and condolence, and as a further mark of respect to his memory we will attend his funeral in a body.”

The resolutions were adopted and those present then marched from the City Hall to the residence.

ACTION OF THE MARKET BANK.

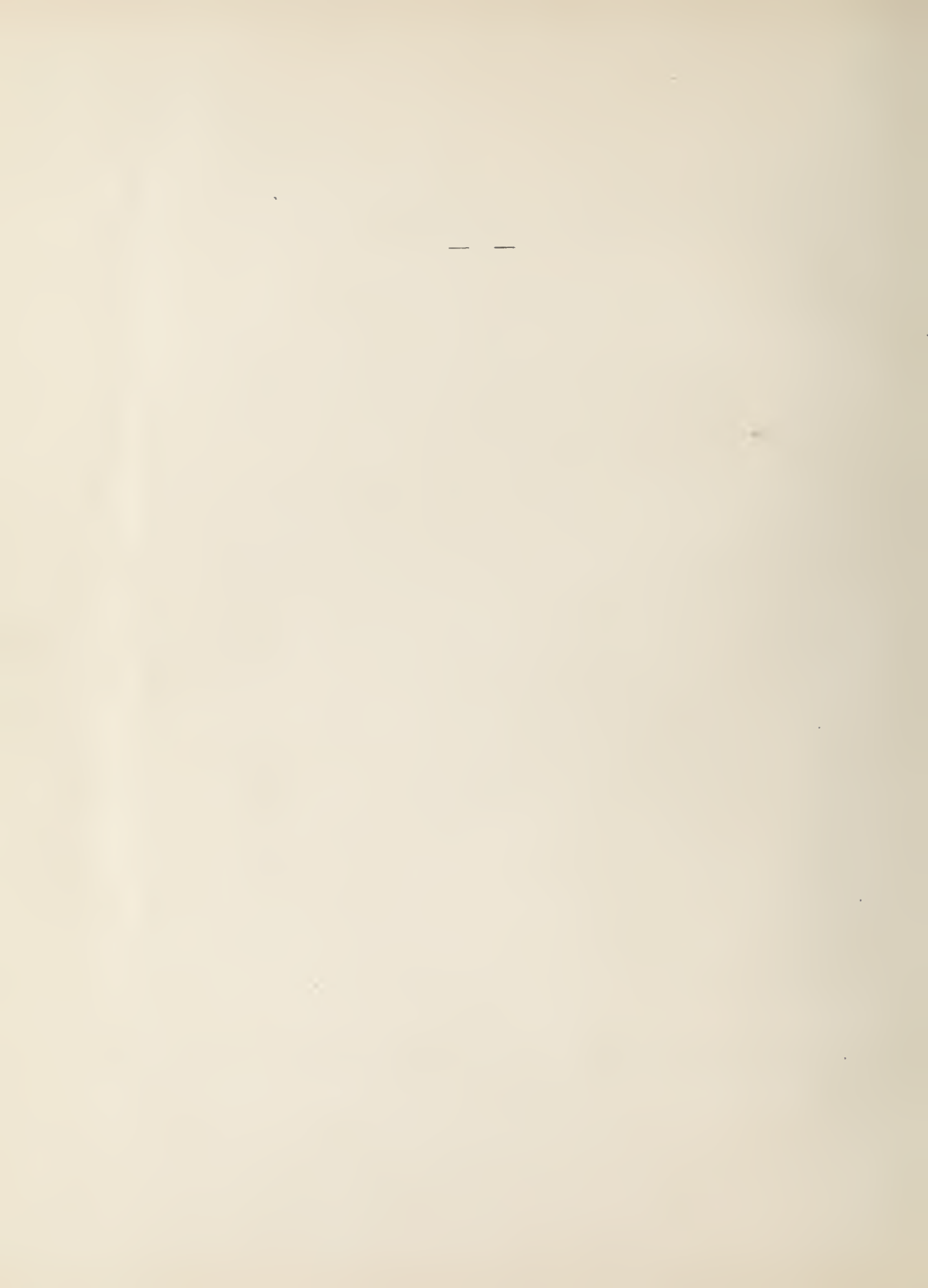
At a meeting of the Directors of the Market Bank, on December 2d, 1884, there were present Messrs. Rasch, Ortman, Howard, Goebel, Godfrey and Paine; Mr. Rasch, the Vice-President, in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

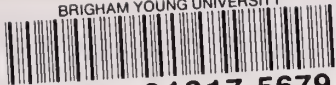
Mr. Rasch announced the death of the President of the Bank, Mr. John D. Standish, and Mr. Ortmann offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

“The Directors of the Market Bank learn with sorrow of the death of John D. Standish, its honored President. Of sound judgment, firm and prudent in business, courteous and kind, he endeared himself to all. We extend to his family and friends kindly sympathy, and as a mark of respect record this resolution. We also direct that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.”

J. B. PADBERG, Secretary.



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



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